

THE MISSIONARY,
Tale by the celebrated Miss Owenson, three
in one, with a Likeness engraved by the first
an artist
OF BRITTANY. an Historical Romance.
Three volumes in one
tion of Bretagne with the French under Charles
Louis XII and the final extinction of the
influence in France, will always be subjects of
interest—and not inferior to the most striking in
fiction." History of France.
THER'S TALES to his DAUGHTER,
Bouilly, member of the academy of arts and
of Tours, &c. &c.—translated from the
Two volumes in one. aug. 31.

TO THE PUBLIC.
County of Hampshire & Commonwealth of Mass.
Aug. 1811.

the good of those of my fellow men, who may
experience the loss of health, I make the following
of fact.—That one year and a half, I was in
a state of excessive labour, afflicted with pain in
my sides, difficulty of breathing, some cough and
dyspepsia; made use of a variety of medicines from
physicians to no effect, for twelve months. I
placed myself under the care of Dr. George Regis,
by the use of his Vegetable Pulmonic Detergent,
a vegetable treatment for about three months, I
am restored to the enjoyment of evidently in-
good health and soundness again; and I have a
reason to attribute my recovery to the use of the
TABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,
and recommend it as a safe and efficacious medi-
CALVIN HYDE.

We mentioned very valuable medicine is for
the Lottery and Exchange Office of
R. HUNTINGTON,

No. 1, Exchange street—BOSTON,—
and Vender.

for sale at R. H's. almost every kind of genuine
and patent Medicines, particularly the much
and Dr. Hunter's Pills; Relf's aromatic Pills;
s's botanical Drops and all medicines prepared
CONWAY. Also, essence of peppermint. Opo-
Lee's Pills, Turlington's Balsom, Denison's Bit-
e-Salve, Cold Cream, British Oil, Scotch Oint-
ment, Spanish Cigars Maccaboo, and other Snuff's,
and chewing tobacco, wholesale and retail.

ALSO—
and Quarters in all the Lotteries now before
the Dixville Road Lottery commences drawing
days, and tickets will shortly rise, they may now
of R. Huntington, for 5 d. Quarters, 1 37.
Tickets in the Harvard College, and New-York
Lotteries taken in payment
the Manager's Official List of Prizes in the New-
ton College Lottery, No 2, may be examined
above Office.
all kinds of bank bills bought and sold, or
Aug. 24.

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

STER KEPT FOR ENTERING THE
FOLLOWING—viz.
base and sale of Real Estate; letting and renting
parts of Houses, Stores, County Seats and
Boarding Houses and Boarders, Sea-faring
families wanting domestics and young women and
wanting employment; Journeymen and Apprentices
Property found or lost; Intelligence and Infor-
mation on various subjects, by which means no one
at a loss. It will be of the utmost importance
and strangers by having the above entered in
face, No. 6, Exchange Buildings, Devonshire-
Aug. 21.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,
Next the Stone Chapel—Tremont-Street.
fashionable and valuable resort for amusement,
is calculated to please the gay—inform the
and for the grave to admire; nearly one hundred
and thirty wide.
ong the late additions is a correct likeness of ANN
RE, woman who has lived more than three years
on food. Also,
ANORAMIC VIEW of the STORMING of SE-
APATAM, the original painted by the celebrated
Albert K. Porter. Admittance to the Museum, 25
without distinction of age.
Aug. 25.

THE BOTANIST, &c.
published and ready for subscribers, and others, price
one dollar and twenty-five cents,
THE BOTANIST, being the Botanical part of a
course of Lectures on Natural History, delivered in the
University of Cambridge— together with A DISCOURSE
of the Theory and Practice of Physic in the Univer-
sity of Cambridge.
Subscribers who have not received their Books are re-
quested to call for them at the Printing Office in Winter
Aug. 12.

THE SCOURGE
IS PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY
M. BUTLER,
the Printing Office in Devonshire Street, in the room
over Thomas Wightman's, engraver.



THE

SCOURGE.

BY TIM TOUCHSTONE, Esq.

No. 14.]

WEAK MEN DEMAND OUR PITY—BAD MEN DESERVE OUR STRIPES.—TOUCH.

[Vol. I.

THE SCOURGE

Will be published as often as once every week; notice of the day of publication will be given in the newspapers. The numbers will be sold at twelve cents and an half each, and may be had, at No. 8, STATE-STREET, and at the Printing Office, Devonshire-Street.

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27. 1811.

From the London Globe.

COMMODORE RODGERS.

At this period, a short history of the American Naval Commanders, may be amusing to our readers.—We will commence with Commodore Rodgers, who is so fresh in the memory of the public, from his late valiant attack on the Little Belt sloop of war, in the frigate President, rated as a 44: she carries on her main or gun-deck, thirty long 24 pounders, on her quarter-deck eight thirty two pound brass carronades, and eight long 18 pounders, and on her forecastle four long 12 pounders. Captain Rodgers entered the American navy in the year 1798, during the administration of Mr. Adams, then denominated the Federal Administration. He first sailed under the command of Captain Geddis, in the Petapsco, a small sloop of war, as a sub-Lieutenant. In the year 1798 he was promoted to Master and Commander of the Baltimore sloop of war, and made a cruise off the Leeward West India Islands. On his return to the United States, a Court of Enquiry was held upon him for tyrannical and unofficer-like conduct in striking one of his midshipmen. From the report of the Court of Enquiry, he was dismissed the service by the President, and was not again called into service until the war between the United States and the Bey of Tripoli, when he got the command of the John Adams, now a sloop of war, but originally built for a frigate; she sails badly. He afterwards commanded the frigates Congress and Constitution, up the Mediterranean; and when the late Commodore Samuel Barron was obliged to return, after making peace with Tripoli, Captain Rodgers being senior Captain, hoisted the broad pendant, which he has ever since retained. The gallant Commodore entered into his nautical career in the Guinea, commonly called the Slave Trade, and from the lowest grade on board of a slave ship, rose to the honor of being a Master. He sailed out of Baltimore, and was known by the names of *Bully Rogers* and *Black Jack*; the latter, from his complexion being dark, the former from his tyrannical and blustering disposition. He has been often known to strip himself to his shirt, and fight with one of his fore-mast hands; if conquered, he confessed it, and was always the friend of his conqueror, but where the reverse was the case, he always shewed his superiority of strength by tyranny. He is about five feet ten inches in height, very muscular, has a dark but not unpleasant countenance, his features are prominent, a full black eye, heavy brows, and a low forehead. His manners are coarse, and where he affects the contrary, they shew the sycophant. His education has been bad; he is very illiterate, but allowed by every person who knows him to have great judgment in the working of a ship. He is a native of Maryland, born at Havre de Grace, where he has a very handsome seat, highly romantic.

COMMODORE BARRON.

AN. II.

Commodore James Barron is a native of Hampton,
in Virginia, an inconsiderable town at the mouth of

the Chesapeake. Its only trade is supplying vessels which lay in the Roads with fresh provisions and water. The father of this gentleman had the command of a small revenue cutter, and made out a decent subsistence by that and letting out slaves, that is, hiring slaves from their owners at so much a head per annum, and letting them out as daily labourers. Our hero had the conducting of them, which he did not do in the most humane manner. To assist the natural mildness of his disposition, at eighteen years of age, he entered into the Guinea trade, and rose to the honorable station of the Master of a Slave Ship, which he resigned, and obtained a commission as 4th Lieutenant. At the commencement of the partial warfare between the United States and France, towards the end of the year 1798, he joined the United States frigate as 4th Lieutenant, then under the command of the ever to be lamented Commodore Barry, the mildness of whose manners, and the humanity of whose heart did ill accord with the tyranny of Lieutenant Barron, who never sailed with him but one cruise to the West Indies. He was not again employed until the year 1799, when he got the command of the sloop of war Warren, of 22 guns, an old East Indian, that had been purchased into the service. After an unsuccessful cruise of six months off the Windward West India Islands, he returned to Hampton Roads, having lost half his crew by desertion. He was not again called into service until the latter end of the year 1802, when he got the command of the New York frigate, built for a 44, but only mounting 36 guns. He went up the Mediterranean, but his conduct not being approved of by Commodore Preble, commanding the station off Tripoli, he was sent to Washington, in the frigate Chesapeake, she requiring to be refitted. He, however, baffled his enemies, by his influence with the then ruling party, the Jeffersonians, and was again employed in 1804, and took the command of the Essex frigate, and sailed in company with the President, Congress and Constellation frigates, and the Enterprise schooner, the squadron under the command of Commodore Samuel Barron, since deceased, from Hampton Roads to Gibraltar, where he cruised for two months, and at the end of ten months returned to whence he started, without ever having fired a gun in anger. He is about 54 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, and clumsily made; his complexion more of a disagreeable yellow than dark. There is a vast deal of severity in his countenance, always accompanied with a sneer. To his inferiors he is haughty and cruel, to his superiors submissive and dissimulating. It would be impossible to describe his character and disposition better than he has himself, more than once, when he has boasted, "That he, as an officer, had ordered more men to be flogged than any six in the navy—that he could handle a cat better than any man he ever saw, and do more execution." This humane officer was not again employed until his memorable action in the Chesapeake, with his Majesty's ship Leopard, in the American waters. He has been since suspended from his command, by a Court of Enquiry held at Washington. He was in London about two months since, as the master of a merchant ship belonging to Norfolk.

What course will Congress pursue?

Will they lay an Embargo? No!
Then to war they'll go! Not so.
They'll build a navy though! Poh! poh!
Raise and army—in so! Oh! no.
Have non-intercourse with France? Whew!
What then will they do? Remain in *status quo*!

Honé talks in a late Chronicle about suppression of documents. Honé that has been twenty years or more garbling, mutilating, and suppressing every thing that would give the enlightened readers of the Chronicle the semblance of truth; Honé the most complete prototype of the father of lies, and who would have given new diabolic beauties to the author of *Paradise Lost* for his Satanic hero; Honé, the prince of arch deceivers, now pretends, with hypocritical zeal, to be a stickler for impartiality!!! And the fun of it is, the charge is against the *Centinel*, in whose impartiality every honest American can put implicit confidence, who never relinquishes any point to the British, derogatory to the prosperity or honor of his own country, but still desires to give a faithful statement of the manifest partisanship of our government to the emperor Napoleon.

The arch demagogue has ordered the printers of "truth its guide" to issue an extra sheet containing the documents, and then the old wretch begins his outcry because the *Centinel* could not insert 27 columns of close letter press printing into 6, which is all the room it has except what is filled with advertisements, of which the lying Chronicle has a plentiful lack. The crooked-backed tyrant of *Shakspeare* says:

"I do the wrong, and then begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good and evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I am a devil."

The secret of the business was, Honé had told so foolish a lie about all French ships having feminine names, that it required some outcry to draw off the attention of the wise plodders through the Chronicle pages. The *Centinel* will handle this prince of demagogues in its own defense; but we will give the names of French ships in one single battle, that our readers may judge of Honé's knowledge and correctness: *Le Guerrier*, *le Conquerant*, *le Spartiate*, *l'Aquilon*, *le Soverain Peuple*, *le Heureux*, *le Timoleon*, *le Mercure*, *le Generoux*, 74's; *Le Tonant*, *le Franklin*, *le Guillaume Tell*, 80's; *l'Orient*, 120; *la Diane*, *la Justice*, *la Artemise*, *la Sericuse*, frigates.

Honé brings the pond to the horse in preference to the common but antiquated method, because the "republicans" as he calls them, will do and believe what Honé says. His knowledge of the French or any other living or dead language exactly equals Gov. Gray's, therefore he wants to destroy Harvard University, that he may not be under the necessity of delivering a Latin oration, when in the gubernatorial chair; the names of half the ships in the French service, as well as those *sequestered* from them by the British, give the lie circumstantial to Honé's assertion, but he can prove it to the satisfaction of his partisans, and that is all he wants.

Bound by no moral restraints, revengeful, malicious, and tutored by a twenty years' apprenticeship in scribbling and garbling; having no need to substantiate his assertions by cold matters of fact, but merely to clothe them to suit his wishes; surrounded by a powerful train of drilled understrappers and runners, needy expectants of offices, fanatics, ging-shop trumpeters, infidels, and free-thinkers, all on the alert, and eager to make proselytes to their faction. Honé has an essential advantage over truth and sometimes preoccupies the public mind with falsehood. But truth must in spite of the devil and all his imps at last prevail, and this must be the consolation of all good men.

THE SCOURGE
BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Being requested by Mr. Merrill Butler to give a statement of the outrage committed in the office of Mr. James L. Edwards, in which the newspaper called the Scourge is printed, the following is a correct statement of facts:—

Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, A. M. of Wednesday the 20 inst. entered William Stackpole, jun. and Martin Blake. Said Butler and Edwards were working at the press. Immediately on entering, said Stackpole enquired of Butler whether he was editor of the Scourge, and on being answered in the affirmative, instantly struck Butler on the head with a heavy cane of about three feet in length, and before Butler could return the blow he received another stroke from Stackpole; they then closed with each other, and after scuffling for some time, said Edwards observed that he would part them, and advanced towards them. Blake told him he should not interfere, and on his making the attempt struck him. Blake observed to Stackpole that if he wanted any assistance, he could give it—mentioning that there were a number in the office (meaning I suppose the Insurance office) who were ready to join. After which, Stackpole asked Butler if he had enough. Butler answered in the negative, declaring he would fight him all day, provided they fought on equal grounds. They then separated. Said contest lasted about ten minutes.

The attack I believe to have been totally unexpected by Butler and Edwards, as when Butler first spoke to Stackpole his back was towards him.

JOSEPH W. BROWN.

At the request of Mr. William Stackpole, jun. the difference between him and the editor of this paper was submitted to the decision of two gentlemen. The editor informs the public that a mutual adjustment has taken place.

The Liberty of the Press.

The licentiousness of the press is, in the eyes of some people, an extraordinary grievance; and oblique threats are thrown out, that, as it deserves, so it will meet with a restriction. Be that day far from us!—The liberty of the press is the birthright of the people. It was held so at the Revolution, and the act for licensing was suffered to expire as a law injurious to freedom.

But the press may be abused, the laws may be abused. What is there that may not? the Bible may be abused; yet we have a birthright in them all; and we should be miserable if they were taken from us. But this can never happen till the press is restrained, which we can never apprehend from an administration that has nothing to fear from it.

People's lives are licentious; they contemn the laws of God and man; they prefer sensual pleasures to rational enjoyments; they not only promote, but vindicate corruption. In aid of the laws, when the press exposes such practices, is it licentiousness?—Let us once see men reduced to a sense of their duty by great examples, Satire shall lay down her pen, and the Press shall sweat under panegyric.—*Lond. Pap.*

Prediction of Major General H. Knox.

"So long as the opinions and maxims of Washington have influence, so long as his real political friends are permitted to direct the destinies of the country, so long shall we be independent, prosperous and free. But when his policy is exploded, and his enemies bear rule, difficulties, dishonor and degradation will ensue." How literally to an iota is the above prediction fulfilled, since the party which Washington denominated the "CURSE OF THE COUNTRY" have come into power!

The writer of the question and answer in the last Scourge embracing the title of *woman*, assures the female world, that neither malice nor revenge inhabit his bosom. The object supposed to be meant, is not within the circle of his acquaintance—He boasts of living under a government of laws and not of petticoats, and would rejoice so to order his conversation, as to escape female condemnation.—He will hereafter adopt the old maxim, *Avoid meddling with edge-tools.*

In consequence of the appointment of the Hon. Joseph Story to the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, the House of Representatives must choose a man to supply his place as Speaker—The Representative *Weld* of Roxbury would be happy to serve them, but having been in the habit of retiring to the lobby to take a nap, while the work of legislation is going on, feels it his duty to decline, that at his slumbers may not be interrupted by any official duties.

As the duty of Speaker consists principally in repeating the sayings of others, Parson Foster and Walter McFarland think themselves well qualified, having been constantly in that habit.

One of the new Judges lately enquired why one man only should now be appointed to qualify them, when formerly it required two at least; a gentleman standing by replied, that it was not expected the new judges would be more than *half qualified*.

We understand, that His Honor Judge Minott, lately created, is an excellent fiddler; and as it is democratic policy to arrest the attention of the populace, it has been hinted that our judge intends giving his first charge to the jury, on that instrument.

Mr. Winthrop, the embryo Marshal of Massachusetts, if we mistake not, is the same person who, a few years since, in Faneuil Hall, declared that the federalists, from Washington down to the lowest, were a pack of scoundrels! Dr. Eustis, it will be recollect, apologised for his "young friend's" *imprudence*, stating that it was the first time he had ever spoken in public, and hoped he would be excused for his intemperate and vehement declamation.

The Honorable John Lawson Tuttle's very learned explanation of his unanswerable assertion that the "most material fact were not true."

You say the most material fact an't true,
Pray prove that seeming contradiction—do.
Why Bob, I'll tell you how we demo's act,
Each Fact's to us a lie, and every lie a fact.

TOBY.

HONEST DEMOCRATS.

That there are a few honest democrats we are ready to admit—but, unfortunate y there are very few. Among this number may be ranked John Randolph and Matthew Lyon—they were opposed to many of the acts of Mr. Adams's administration, because, as a federal editor has very properly observed, "some of them were of a nature to bring odium and ridicule on any administration." The democrats have endeavored to make the people believe that they have been actuated by improper motives; but all their attempts have been futile. Virginia and Kentucky are too democratic to induce men to turn federalists through interested motives.

When a man turns democrat, you may rest assured, he does it to obtain an office—When one quits that party, it is from a thoro'gh conviction that he has advocated bad principles—for a man cannot now have any motive of interest for turning a federalist—as federalists are out of power, and have no offices to bestow.

Who has made the greatest discoveries? Daniel Wild, he says no woman ought to be married until she is a *widow*!

Who is the best Horse Auctioneer? Daniel Wild. He sells them by *sample*, warranted and entitled to *debture*!

It is generally thought by the audience at the Theatre that the *supernumeraries* on the stage are *necessaries*.

Americans! Read what follows. We have just received from Capt. Jocelin of the Savannah Pack. t, which arrived this morning, a note from which we copy the following:

On the night of the fourteenth inst. about 60 French sailors belonging to the privateers *La Vengeance*, and an other name unknown but both lying in Savannah, collected in one of the principal streets armed with cutlasses, knives, bludgeons, &c. and attacked about twenty American seamen, many of whom, namely the mate of brig

Hetty, of Philadelphia, they stabbed to the heart so that he expired immediately. Having cleared the streets they at length returned in triumph on board their vessels.

Thus in return for the protection in our ports and harbours, which in violation of every principle of the law of impartial neutrality, which we grant these French pirates, they raise mobs and riots in our principal cities and strike daggers to the hearts of those who oppose them. Yes, we invite them to find shelter in our harbours, to deposit in our war-houses the booty of which they have plundered our own citizens, and if an enemy's vessel comes in quest of them, we angrily charge her with "hovering on our coast," and threaten to send out our gun boats and other vessels of war to drive her away.

From such a state of things, which the world never witnessed before, may the Almighty in his goodness, ere long deliver us!

N. Y. Herald.

Mr. Touchstone.—Your old friend Tom Fin is, that to be a Governor he must be a better scholar—he has been taking lessons lately—the following letter will show how much he has improved. Yours, Q.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1811.

Deer Frend,

Maby yule thine dam hard on it, bekase I havent rit to you laiti. Howsumever I ken excuse myself dam wel, & ef I koodent, I kood tel a dam li you no, and that air wood be kawld bi our parti a bad eckskuse—and evri boddi nose that a bad eckskuse is better than nun. Lett me aloan for trix mi boy. Ef awl our parti had as much gumshun as I've got, you woodent heer sitch a dam site of laffin amung the torys about our parti. Howsumever He tel you in plane words what I've bin abot. You se sum of our parti adwized me to studdi oath-ograffy as tha kawl it, to prevent the torys from pokin fun at me about mi letters. So you se I've ben taikin lessins from old judg Winul & mastor Bingum, & tha sware that tha nevver in awl there lives had a more bryter skoller—This shozes you se that practiss maiks parfickt, as the oald sayin is; & I gess ef ever this letter shood kum to be put in print, that the damd etarnul torys will look a dam site blackor than that air Sumnor ever did in the koaldest da in Giniweri.

Now raly it weckses me like hel to se that air oald lubbor Ebbin Burril ritein to Billi Gray. Whi in hel kant you stop his mouth? Ef I koodent spel better than he duz, ile be damd ef ever Ide daire to sho mi fai in the Nawth Amerrykin Inshorans Offis upon airth. I hait like hel to se a man eckspous his ignerents so, & ile la a wager that Billi Gray dont kair enni more about his nonsents than I du about a meatis howee. He tels 2 menny dam fulcish storiz about nawthin. Spoze old Billi did giv the begers a kounterfit bil. I've duu things a dam site wuss than that—And pra dident Gefersun pa Gabrill Joans a oald dett in good for nawthin kontinental papor munni when it was a 100 per sent beloe par? And who the devle but the dam torys ever thort the wuss on him for it?—Wi, its fashunible to cheet now a daze, & tha sa a man mite as wel be out of the world as out of the fashin.

I thort I shood hav a bunnance of nooz for you—but the papors air phild with damd etarnul trash kunsam in the Brittish & our guverment; that air Munro & Foster think I spose that the people hav nawthin else to du but set down & read thare letters. Wi thares best as much nollidge got bi goin down to the Eite of Lugan of a Sundi arternoon & heerin oald wite hat Pezee kunvare about the last war wen tha took him & put him aboard a prizzen ship in Wessminstir abbi I thinc tha cawl it, whare menny a pore ded man he sez has bin berrid alive—and as for the dockamis Ide as soon lissen to a thances givin sarmunt as to read u-n. But the torys wil maik beleev of tha ken, that its gittin larnin of you read a good eel. Taik mi word for it, its awl dam nonsents, let judg Winul sa what he wil. Is thare a bettor skoller enni whare than French, and dident he git awl his larnin bi bein a tyde waitor and heerin salers tawk about forrin parts?

The Chessypeck affare as tha kawl it, is cetteld, & Ime dam sorri for it—for now the torys wil kroe over us, & sware that we air a pac of dam fools, & raly to tel the trooth, thale be hafrite. Howsumever it wont do to sa so to the kuni people, for ef yule beleev me thares nawthin like stickin to a li ef its wel toold; its the wa Ostin duz, and I gess he awt to no sumthia about the biznis.

Oald Donnersup had a frolic at hi ago, and du you thin that he wood pa No, dam the cent did he giv um, a hoam evri devle on n-n without a g hare bellys, or a kopper in thare p that he giv um sillibus, but it wos a in hel sort of stuff that air is, I kant overhawld his lockers for sumthin to, nawthin but a big pot of brimstoan & ma tawk about Asap Churchill & D mutch as tha air a mind to, but ile b tha aktid so sneekin in awl thare liv that the oald Girril is so big, ef he m to staw evri boddi but himself. Sun fat by laffin, but I dont beleev it, be fat by laffin, ude se a dam menni of th widdle along on change. Fokes ma its awl dam nonsents; it aint by open grinnin, that a man goes big—if but snicker, heel soon gro a dam s Ostin, & ile worrunt you will go to D er than you ken sa Jac Robersun.

I gess bi this time yuve heerd of tha kict up abowt that air dam tori Si dam neer killin the feller that prints i heel never hav the impidants to prin dont beleev that stori—for as the s bawn in the woods to be skeerd by o

Jim Prince is turnd out of offis glad on it, and so is Ostin. Thave he had no biznis to be sneekin amun mite hav node our guverment want awl the fat of the land & let sum of th amung us naw the bones. I hoop i acket better, ef ever he gits another heel be damd apt to gine the torys enni thing to sa to him.

Thares a shaver bi the name of W to be put in his plais. Whot the dev kant put French or Dru into sum offi but I spoze tha never axt for enni moddlist men air olwus kept in the l dam impidant forrid fellers air the poet sez, "Full menny a flour is unsean, and waist its sweatnis on the

You se I've larnit sumthin laiti. Preed Gray's Energy in a Kuntri Chu dam noble thing; tha sa it wos ritte daldi; he wos a shu maker. This aint cornfind to collidge wauls. I w never rit a peace. Hees the boy wh or 2 I ken tel you. Hees a good sin do you good to hear him sing the M the oald popler toon of Yanki Diddle be shore to pa the postije of you rite. Years tel deth,

THE SCOURGE—FOR NEW

The "assemblage" of demos' wh Norton's corner, are truly a groupe there you see—

"Profound ocking ignoranc Hoary-headed depravity, Squint-eyed iniquity, Foul-mouthed indecency, Envy-preying calumny, Red-faced deformity, Mental imbecility, Hobbling decrepitude, Puny insignificance, and Unblushing blasphemy.

There the affars of the nation ar French decrees repealed; the Brited; the non-intercourse removed exterminated;—and James Madison er fellow.

His Honor Mount Rural, the o from Boston in the mail stage, held tation, whether the *top* or *bottom* of the fastest! when he very learnedly proifaction) that the *top* went fastest, binnally going *down*, while the othe and it was certain a thing would fail.

When old *Well-the-fore-sail* built posed to have the widow *Bennet* for John was of opinion that it should vigorous; and therefore stuck up o

of Philadelphia, they stabbed to the heart so that ed immediately. Having cleared the streets they returned in triumph on board their vessel.

In return for the protection in our ports and harbors which in violation of every principle of the law of neutralit, which we grant these French pirates raise mobs and riots in our principal cities and slingers to the hearts of those who oppose them. We invite them to find shelter in our harbors to in our warehouses the booty of which they have ed our own citizens, and if an enemy's vessel comes t of them, we angrily charge her with "hovering coast," and threatened to send out our gun boats our vessels of war to drive her away.

In such a state of things, which the world never ed before, may the Almighty in his goodness, ere deliver us!

N. Y. Herald.

Touchstone.—Your old friend Tom Franklin, that Governor he must be a better scholar—he has king lessons lately—the following letter will show much he has improved. Yours, Q.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1811.

Dear Friend,—Your old friend Tom Franklin, that Governor he must be a better scholar—he has king lessons lately—the following letter will show much he has improved. Yours, Q.

I gess bi this time yuve heard of the dam bobberi tha kict up abowt that air dam tori Skurge. Tha kum dam neer killin the feller that prints it, and tha sa that heel never hav the impidents to print anuthor; but I dont believ that stori—for as the sayin is, he want bawn in the woods to be skeerd by owls.

Jim Prince is turnt out of offis tha sa, and imme dam glad on it, and so is Ostin. Thave servd him rite—he had no biznis to be skeerd amung the torys—He mite hav node our guverment want a goin to giv him awl the fat of the land & let sum of the best bulldogs amung us raw the bones. I hoop it will larn him to act better, ef ever he gits another offis; but I gess heel be damd apt to gine the torys now ef thale hav enni thing to sa to him.

Thares a shaver bi the name of Winstrop that goin to be put in his plais. Whot the devles the reezon tha kant put French or Dru into sum offis I kant konsev, but I spoze tha never axt for enni. This shoze tha moddlist men air olwus kept in the bac ground, and the dam impident forrud fellers air purmoated. As the poet sez, "Full menui a flour is dum'd to blush unsean, and waist its sweatans on the desolate air."

You se I've larn sumthin laiti. Pra did you ever read Gray's Energy in a Kuntri Church Yard—it's a dam noble thing; tha sa it was written by Billi Gray's daddi; he was a shu maker. This shoze that genus aint cornfond to collidge wauls. I wonder Jobe Dru never rit a peace. Hees the boy whots up to a thing or 2 I kent tel you. Hees a good singor 2, and twoo do you good to hear him sing the Mades of Lordy to the oald popletoon of Yankie Doodle. Rite sunc, but be shore to pa the postije of you rite by male.

Yoars tel deth,
TOM W—

THE SCOURGE—FOR NEWBURYPORT.

The "assemblage" of demos' who get together at Horton's corner, are truly a group of choice spirits; there you see—

"Profound or king ignorance,"
Hoary-headed depravity,
Squint-eyed iniquity,
Foul-mouthed indecency,
Envy-preying calumny,
Red-faced deformity,
Mental imbecility,
Hobbling decrepitude,
Puny insignificance, and
Unblushing blasphemy.

There the affairs of the nation are all settled; the French decrees repealed; the British fleet annihilated; the non-intercourse removed; the federalists exterminated; and James Madison is a d—l clever fellow.

His Honor Mount Tural, the other day in passing from Boston in the mail stage, held a profound disquisition, whether the *top* or *bottom* of the coach wheel moved fastest; when he very learnedly proved (to his own satisfaction) that the *top* went fastest, because that was continually going *down*, while the other was moving *up*; and it was certain a thing would *fall* easier than *rise*!

When old *Wet-the-fore-sail* built his new brig, he proposed to have the widow *Bennet* for a figure head; but John was of opinion that it should be something more vigorous; and therefore stuck up old *Stark*.

GRAND DEMOCRATIC GENERAL CAUCUS.

Scene *Horton's Corner*—Time 12 o'clock at night—wind N. E. weather hazy.

The Sage and impartial *Daniel in the Chair*.—*Dizer Johnson*, Secretary.

The fat distiller's sputtering son Jo, was ordered to read the whole of Ex. Pres. ADAMS' *Patriot* & *Correspondence*—[loud snoring—all waked up by the Pres.] who ordered Jo's whistle to be wet, and the reading to be deferred (it being *some long*) to next meeting.

Old *Wet-the-fore-sail's* son John then addressed the audience in a sublime manner—[more snoring; and Pres. asleep]—He went on to prove that the Decrees of Berlin and Milan are certainly repealed. [This waked up Abraham the sail-maker, who swore he could hear no *Latin*.] He continued his speech, till at some particular point, he said he should wait for a reply—All was silence! and the enraged Captain called aloud upon Jim, the grog-seller, for *spirited* assistance, he growing hoarse. This roused the President, who also wanted something to keep him awake!

The clanking of quart and pint pots together, the running of liquor, and the fragrance smell of the *white-face*, at last aroused the whole "assemblage"; who having swilled luxuriously, proceeded again to business.

The President, for his part, thought it high time to take the *sense of the meeting*. The following resolutions were then agreed upon unanimously.

Voted, 1. That we Republicans, meet three times a day, and as much oftener as possible, at Horton's Corner, [inside] to discuss upon the affairs of this great nation.

2. That this assembly meet here every stormy night, when there are no federalists stirring to molest us.

3. That John Adams is a clever man lately, and writes in the *Boston Patriot*.

4. That we are in union with all true demos. in the country, who think as we do.

5. That Gov. Gerry's Proclamation was a sharp shot at Federal Priests, and Parson Giles' sermon was clear stuff.

6. That the French decrees are off, that this is a windy night, that this meeting is highly respectable.—Here the whole beautiful order of the Resolutions was disturbed by the plague President's *Wig*, which during another drowse of his, he being an aged man, took fire; and blazed so much as to burn the records of the meeting, in spite of Dizer's care, and threatened devastation to the whole *shop*. The *respectable meeting*, in a rapid manner, one by one, took French leave, leaving Jemmy to put out his fire, and the poor President to bewail the loss of his wig.]

New Catechism.

Q. Who among the Robespierians has the most *versatility*? A. Capt. IO.

Q. Who has the most *pleasant countenance*? A. *Billy D—s*.

Q. Who is the most *honest man*? A. *Ben P—e*.

Q. Who is the most *pious man*? A. *Com. Sandy Fort*.

Q. Who is the most *courageous man*? A. *Col. Stern*.

Q. Who is the most *learned man*? A. *Granny Bookcase*.

Q. Who is the most *temperate man*? A. *Mich S—h*.

There was a consultation held among the proprietors of the new *Hornet's Nest*, whether it was best to get a *lightning-rod*; but it was finally concluded that the temperature of the atmosphere within, being so strongly impregnated with *sulphurous* matter, that the attraction would be more powerful than it would be possible for the rod to repel; therefore they resolved only to have a *ventilator*!

The question has been asked who became *Com. Sand Fort's* bondsmen, when he entered the C—m H—e; for it may be ascertained to a mathematical demonstration how much they will have to pay, when it is known how much will arise from the annual revenue.

It is said that at a Jacobin caucus, previous to Governor election, held at Madison Hall, a committee was chosen to select those with the *broadest thumbs*, whose business it should be to smuggle into the ballot-box more than *one vote*. It had an admirable effect, for common report has it that D—R— actually squeezed in *half a dozen* *GERRY'S*.

"Why dont you turn Federalist (said Caroline to her Father, who happens to a thorough going demo) why dont you turn Federalist? and not mix yourself with such a *scaly set* of beings as those you term Republicans are in this town. Scarce a man can be found among them of *common decency*." "Hold your tongue, my dear, you know nothing about it (replied the enraged Father.) Dont you suppose that I know what is for *my own interest*? Is it not a clear case that the democrats cry more *New-England* than any other class of people? And you know my *line of business*. Only think, they being *scaly* and I being *respectable*, ten chances to one I get a *first office*! Think of this argument, and ask me no more to turn federalist; besides if I should change politics to-morrow, the haughty federalists would see me, and my still-house blown to the moon, or to the salt mountains of Louisiana, before they would condescend to receive me into their ranks.—But Gerry is the fellow to pepper 'em!"

When old *Wet-the-fore-sail* built his new brig, he proposed to have the widow *Bennet* for a figure head; but John was of opinion that it should be something more vigorous; and therefore stuck up old *Stark*.

By striving and driving the butchering trade; enlarging by charging, much money he made, neglected, rejected whatever was good, *uggly* and smuggling alone understood, ambitious and vicious, vindictive and base, alicious, suspicious, to man a disgrace, intruding and rude in his manners and ways, *cow a squire*—a liar in all that he says. Maltreating and cheating whoever he can, engaging and raging to plunder each man, teasing, beguiling, and playing his part, romances some fancies will bring him a cart, famous, don't blame us, for most of us hope, turking and working of Devil and Pope, furies, our juries wont save him from rope.

Initials of the lines above,
Shews you a man I mean to prove,
So truly mean, so low and base,
To human nature a disgrace,
Human, alas! his conduct suits,
In all respects the worst of brutes;
His name, you know, how I'll rehearse,
His progress here, in simple verse—
His trade was killing calves and beevs,
Some fairly bought, some bought from thieves—
By countenancing of the trade
Of thieving he his money made.
It happened once, he bought fifteen
Oxen, some fat, some rather lean;
The grease from all, when they were kill'd,
Only a butter firkin fill'd;
As he expected from the whole
At least a butt full, swore 'twas stole.
A thief himself, and without shame,
Concluded every man the same.
And as he guess'd he knew the thief,
He sought a lawyer with his brief;
He made his bow, and mov'd his hat,
And told him he had lost some fat;
The lawyer answer'd with a grin,
I think so—you look rather thin;
Look then, he cry'd, I've lost at least,
Twenty pounds off every beast,
Fifteen times twenty, aye, I'm sure,
I have at least lost fifteen score,
Aye, good three hundred weight of fat;
The lawyer said, can I help that?
This answer made him in a trice,
Remember he'd get no advice,
Unless he'd pony down the dust,
For lawyers can't afford to trust;
I beg your pardon, sir, said he,
And gave a twenty dollar fee;
Then said, I h—ve been rob'd, my brief
Will shew you W—n is the thief;
You will not entertain a doubt
When you have heard my story out,
But stop, it cannot be set down,
Till I've consulted Captain Brown.
Dear sir, if you'll collect the facts
Concerning 'Squire M—s acts,
In all I've wrote, aye from my youth,
I strictly have adhered to truth;
So I request you'll not neglect,
The poct who would be correct,
Enquire first of Worthen's case,
The facts are well known at your place,
Find out how he pursue'd this man,
Till Justice overset his plan,
Upon what principle he lost
His suit, and was condemn'd to pay the cost;
I wish to know how he through life
Behaves, and how he treats his wife,
I do not mean how oft he kiss'd her,
But why he has pref'd her sister.
What motive urg'd the least of this,
Pray dont the least occurrence miss;
Enquire but why he was withheld
And even from the Lodge explid.
But above all, do not admit,
The story of the biter bit—

I mean the artful cunning plan
He laid to cheat an honest man;
You know the man—phew, what's his name,
James Purington, the very same;
He'll tell you how this M—s sought,
To rob him and an action brought,
For Money's which had long ago,
Been paid, as his receipts could show;
What subterfuge the fellow used,
When these were publicly produced;
Describe his look when he was cast,
With every circumstance that pass'd;
Collect these facts and I will make
Purington's sides with laughter shake;
I'll draw his portrait in a poem,
So like the cats and dogs shall know him.

It is said that the Phenix Office has of late been so filled with the effluvia of Jacobin slander, that the candles have actually *burnt blue*!

Tom Carey, as good a natured fellow as ever lived, once told Capt. IO to his head, that, for a *little man*, he was the *biggest boy* he ever saw.—Lard how blue he looked.

Capt IO is a man who has travelled. He once made the tour of Spain on a *Jackass*!

The *would-be* High Sheriff is considered head of the *bast* democacy here. His maxim is, "better reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

The affair of the Chesapeake settled.

The apology of the affair of the Chesapeake and reparation made for the injury by Great-Britain, and the awkward ungracious manner in which it has been accepted by our civil polite government—reminds us of a trifling occurrence which once happened in Cornhill.—A gentleman passing through the crowd, happened to sample the large well powdered full bottom'd wig of a formal country parson. As soon as informed of the injury, the gentleman in a very polite manner offered an apology, and reparation for the injury, by paying the barber for adjusting and repowdering the wig in the best manner possible, so as to place it, at least, in *status quo*. The parson in the most formal manner accepted the apology and terms of reparation which he said were quite sufficient—at the same time observed "you see what an injury you have done to my handsome new wig."

—
A W g observed at the last Cambridge Commencement that his Honor was one of the quickest translators he ever saw—

For "though Harvard's sons their compliments speak, In the purest of Latin," yet to him 'tis all Greek.

From the Connecticut Courant.

"Let us alone."—The celebrated Colbert, who was the French king's prime minister, once demanded of a body of French merchants, what he should do for them to benefit their trade; and he received this laconic answer.—"Let us alone."

These three words would give a political text, on which a whole volume might be written.

Trade, in order to do well, must be left free as water. To hamper it with unnecessary regulations and restrictions is the certain way to destroy it. The merchant knows his own business; for it has been the study of his life. He has as good a right honestly to carry on his own business in his own way, as the farmer or the mechanic: And if his plans of business are compulsively overruled, thwarted and deranged, he suffers by it both as to his rights and interests, as much as the farmer would, were he directed by law in the whole management of his farm.

Adam Smith, in his inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, very justly says.—"The statesman who attempts to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their industry, would not only load him with a most unnecessary attention but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would no where be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to think himself fit to exercise it." Yet evident and glaring as this folly appears to plain common sense, there is an unaccountable disposition to persist in it, notwithstanding all the experience the world has had of its pernicious effects. Men, whose manner of life has utterly estranged them from the knowledge commercial matters, when once they get into the councils of a nation, think themselves able to manage the business of merchants a great deal better than they can manage it themselves.

As our federal government was framed and adopted with a particular view to the security and extensions of commerce, it was reasonably to be expected that it would have afforded efficient means for protecting commerce, if not completely, yet at least at a considerable extent. This too was the more to be expected, inasmuch as trade has been taxed with the whole amount that has gone to the support of government and the payment of the public debt. It surely never entered into the hearts of the framers of our federal constitution, or of the people who cheerfully adopted it, that any administration acting under this constitution would withhold all protection from trade, and at the same time burden it with an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent*. And least of all could it have entered into their hearts that any administration would be so plunged in the depths of folly and madness, as not only to withhold protection from trade, but embarrass and distress it by every possible means. Yet so it is. The American commerce is placed between the upper and the nether millstone; between the dreadful gripe of foreign oppression, and that of our own government; nor is it easy to tell which of the two has squeezed it the hardest.

Suppose our President and both houses of Congress four years ago, had come to a resolution of the following purport, and faithfully stuck to it ever since. "Resolved that, henceforward, we shall have nothing to do about commerce, except to take to ourselves such part of its income as we shall think meet, for our own emolument and to our own disposal. For the rest, we will leave the American commerce to shift for itself. We will neither protect it on the one hand, nor restrain it on the other: we will neither bless it nor curse it." Had this been said and done (strange as such a resolve and such conduct would seem) the American commerce would have been not near so bad off, as it actually has been. For inspite of all that France could do, it might have been carried on with G. Britain and all its dependencies, with Spain and Portugal, with the East-Indies, with China, with South America, with a great many islands of the sea; and indeed with more than half the commercial world: and it might be carried on to this vast extent now, if our government would only let it alone.

When the French merchants aforementioned said to Colbert, "Let us alone," they could not mean that he should give no protection to their trade: they only meant he should not meddle with its concerns, by any attempts to restrain it or direct its operations. But with our country things are come to such a pass, that the merchants, rather than suffice what they do would thank the administrators of government, if they would let them alone altogether; if they would say to them, "go, shift for yourselves; trade where you can, at your own peril; you shall be left unprotected, on the one hand, and on the other, at liberty to send your ships whithersoever you please—allowing us such a per centage on your homeward cargoes as we shall see fit to demand."

*In the report of the Commissioners, on the subject of a canal in the state of New York, the hon. Governor Morris, and the hon. De Witt Clinton being two of those commissioners, we observe the following. "The revenue which is raised from commerce, no probable change will reduce below an ad valorem duty of ten per cent." Whether the ad valorem duty be now double that per centage, or less, or more, we have no document at hand to determine. We believe it to be not far from 20 per cent; this however we state only upon supposition.

Extract of a letter from Washington, dated Nov. 16.

It is now 12 days since the great council of the nation assembled at this place on the extraordinary call of the President, and as yet nothing has been communicated from the executive to mark the occasion as extraordinary, (in the language of the constitution.)—There are no new signs of the times;—the same old round of suffering, with the same harmless remedies prescribed. In a few days the great war committees will stun the community with the thundering accounts of war. "Bella Horrida," will be echoed and re-echoed in Congress-Hall. War will be the standing order of the day, not indeed the killing war of Agamemnon, but that of Homer's Thersites or Virgil's Drances; a harmless war of words. The public must be amused till the great Presidential Caucus is past, and the loaves and fishes are secured for another four years.

Such, sir, is the course for our enemies; for ourselves, measures much less harmless may be expected. An enforcing act, pregnant with biting penalties, will be pressed on Congress by the administration; it may be adopted, but the event is not certain. Administration appear disposed to concur in giving the continental system a fair and full experiment on England. The French Minister is considered a favorite at the Palace, while Foster is kept at a respectful distance.—A few days will develop more fully the policy and plans of the administration.

Extract of another letter, dated Nov. 15.

Do you wish to know exactly how the opinions of the democats stand, and what are their determinations? Hear then.

Most of the old members understand perfectly how to act the politician; but many of the new ones suppose the president in his message, and members in their conversations and more especially in their public speaking, were really in earnest when they talk'd about raising an army, employing volunteers, laying an embargo, or declaring war, or taking Canada. But they are now undeceived themselves, and have learned to deceive others;

so that in their correspondence with their constituents, and in public debate they will keep up the slang of assistance to Great Britain, but as to fighting in earnest I'll assure you, they have no notion of it. "Who says a raw member from the north to an old member not take Canada? Why, my constituents are red hot for it and even anxious to take the field. Indeed I have promised to get commissions for several in the army to be raised." What was the answer?

— "Consider. First, What will be the expense? Say five millions, certainly not less, and perhaps to Well, where are we to get the money? We shall have to borrow money enough for necessities and indispensables without the expense of this frolic of taking Canada, and direct taxes would soon put Timothy Pickering to the department of State, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney into the President's seat, and you and me at our occupations at home. Won't do. Secondly, Who are to fight? The yankees won't turn out in the present state of parties. They will not go there and fight, many of them, fathers sons and brothers, who have moved over the line. How many hogsheads of blood do you suppose would be split? Blood is a dear article in such a government as ours. Defended as Canada is, and obstinate as the British will be, 50,000 men to be killed, and ten millions of dollars to be expended, is a moderate calculation which we ought first to consider being necessary. Thirdly, Of what advantage will Canada be to us? If you wish to hasten the separation of the Union, this will be a sure and the speediest step. I wish a French Canadian sitting in this Capitol with us. No sir, there is not among the leading members of our party one man so destitute of good, of patriotism, of a knowledge of his own individual welfare, as seriously to wish any attempt at this time to take Canada by force."

"But what then?" says the new member, "what Mr. — and Mr. —, and Mr. — mean by talking to about it?" "When you have been here two or three months," was the reply, "you will better understand us; how we keep newspaper scribblers employed, and how we keep up our party."

THE MISSIONARY,

An Indian Tale by the celebrated Miss Owenson, the volumes in one, with a Likeness engraved by the American artist

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Aug. 31.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

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Oct. 21.

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Aug. 12.

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Aug. 12.

THE SCOURGE
IS PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY

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At the Printing Office in Devonshire Street, in the room over Thomas Wightman's, engraver.

No. 15.]

THE SCOURGE

Will be published as often as once a week, the day of publication will be given; numbers will be sold at twelve cents, may be had, at the Printing Office.

BOSTON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER

Naval Command

COMMODORE DECATUR

No. III.

Commodore Stephen Decatur, his father, the late Captain, was endowed with every virtue. The present Commodore has imbibed of his parent—he is an officer for he commenced his nautical career the protection of the late father Commodore Barry, as a midshipman, States frigate. His assiduity and knowledge of his profession soon gained the confidence and friendship of his Com. it was only necessary to see merit had the pleasure before his death of being on the list of Lieutenants. At the critical interest of Commodore Decatur, although he had been a successful in the revolutionary war; he was in France; and on Mr. Jefferson's behalf, and peace made with France, his services were no longer required, of his ship, the *Philadelphia* frigate. Samuel Barron, since Commodore some of his chief officers at the conduct of the Administration, and also of their late Commander, that sever their commissions, amongst whom Thomas Wilkie, since deceased, Thomas Hughs, who was lately in a merchant ship. Commodore Decatur employed until the year 1804, the Mediterranean with Commodore Bainbridge, the crew suffered the most want of almost every necessary for Tripolitans in two hours after her sailed, and warped her into the outward. Decatur immediately saw it was possible to capture a small frigate and had shewing his skill and the frigate *Philadelphia* got a ground taken possession of by the Tripolitans surrendered by her brave and hardy crew. The day before captured a small fruit and oil, which was bound for Tripoli, on board the *Enterprise*, an old pilot, who spoke the Tripolitan language, he suggested his name, Preble, who approved of it. He kept twenty hands, although a midshipman. He kept his men to the task, and only appeared guile, and anchor, and begged to make until morning. This they refused, make fast to their stern hawser until the Admiral for leave. The boat on which Lieut. Decatur, with his crew boarded the frigate, and out of fifty of them reached the shore. Their so great that numbers of them jumped in a few minutes, the frigate was in out of the harbour with safety. The man of the little party wounded, a of saving his Commander's life. Had been disarmed, and had fallen; saw his situation, and, rushing forward with a sabre on the arm, which death blow to his officer. Lieutenant immediately preferred to a Post Captain to a Lieutenant, and presented with American Government. He was the model of the Napolitan gun-boats United States, and had several services with those of the Bey of Tripoli, had the misfortune of seeing his brother moment he had boarded one of the ships never were brothers that had